High Stakes

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High Stakes

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Summary

During a game of poker Le Chiffre bets his most prized possession, his kept sissy and toy, Will Graham

Notes

This was an RP me and the lovely & talented Ninayoshi wrote together and I figured it would be perfect for my Le Chiffre & Will series, so please enjoy :)

This is part five of my Le Chiffre/Will work. The first two parts are on my commissions AO3 titled Pretty Thing by Wicked_Commissions. The fourth is right before this in the series :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Le Chiffre sat by the poker table, flipping a coin between his fingers.

Back and forth, back and forth.

This gamble was a petty one; $15 million on the line with a Saudi Arabian prince and a Russian representative. They seemed casual enough, laughing in jest despite their language barriers.

Or perhaps they have been colluding all the while.

No matter, he knows how to play his hand even if he has the disadvantage. And he knows the both of them have some...unresolved disputes, be it political or otherwise.

He will play them like the cards in his hand. He doesn't fold, watching them silently with mismatched eyes. He has his trump card; his lucky charm.

The prince swallowed, glancing between the dealer, who had been apathetic to everything that had been happening, and the Russian.

Reaching just underneath the table he stroked the clean-shaven chin of his darling, tipping his head up so he could feel the diamond studded collar around his boy's neck. On it engraved 'W. Graham', and on the back scrawled 'Property of Le Chiffre'.

Will was right where he belonged, on his knees with with his head resting on his Daddy's thigh waiting to be needed.

At the soft nudge of Le Chiffre's fingers under his chin he snapped out of his dissociative state and into action. What did he require of him now? He nuzzled his face against Daddy's hand feeling his digits move to the collar around his neck again.

He kissed Daddy's palm, knowing full well to keep quiet. The men around the table knew he was there but Daddy would be angry if he brought any attention to himself. That wasn't his job, it was Le Chiffre's.

Le Chiffre smiled to himself, and his companions by the table snapped their attention to him. The Russian's face was impassive, but the twitch under his eyes proved otherwise. He is impatient.

The prince seemed...unprincely, now that the friendly façade of his had faded away into fear. Fear made men irrational.

"Le Chiffre, your call." The dealer announced. All eyes on him. His hand still under the table, stroking a thumb across Will's lips. Perhaps a bluff would do. Send the other men reeling. "What do you think, my pet? Should we do this?"

It was the first time in a long time that Le Chiffre had addressed Will directly at the table. But their rule remained; No talking to Daddy or any of his friends at the table. Only non-verbal gestures were allowed.

Will considered him for a moment before pressing his face gently against Daddy's slacks and nuzzling there, his tongue darting out to wet the fabric, nodding slowly. He couldn't wait for Daddy's cock to be in his mouth.

He scooted his legs up without moving away from Daddy's crotch, his ankles crossed underneath his naked ass, pressing back on his heels just slightly he was able to tease the diamond plug in his hole rolling it in tiny clumsy circles.

Le Chiffre smiles, all feline and sly. "All in."

The prince sputtered and choked on his thousand dollar wine as the Russian muttered angrily in his own tongue. They are all so pathetically flustered.

The prince left the table in a hurry, calling the dealer to 'fold and fuck off!'

Only the Russian remained, glaring daggers at Le Chiffre who simply sipped on his own glass of wine, lined with 99 carat gold flakes.

"Your move."

The Russian stares at his hand, as though he was hoping for it to change, to alter his fate. He shook his head, smiling. "You win, Le Chiffre." He pulls out a handgun, but was gunned down by the gambler's own security team before he could even register his death.

Le Chiffre sighed, pressing the palm of his hand on Will's cheek. His lucky charm indeed.

Will had startled at the shot but nuzzled closer against Le Chiffre whining softly wanting to be closer to him and protected. He knew Daddy would never allow him to be hurt.

Le Chiffre pushed his chair back, trailing his fingers around the collar and pulling away.

"Come with me." He commanded, standing up and buttoning his coat as he gestures his men to collect the chips. Will is expected to crawl, being no better than his underlings.

He walks over the nearby bar lounge, the bartender expertly making a cocktail. His hand falls to his side, a twitch of his index finger signaling Will to come over.

Will crawls on his hands and knees to the bar. It hurts and it's humiliating, his body completely on display for everyone to see his nude body, the diamond plug snug in his hole glistening in the casino and bar lights free for anyone to see.

His cheeks burn red but with every movement forward and every shock of pain in his knees reminds him how completely and utterly owned he is. His body isn't his own. It belongs to Daddy.

The men watched greedily but said nothing, their eyes following the poor creature crawling toward his owner.

Le Chiffre barely paid Will notice, save for the curling of his fingers against his curls and yanking his head up to meet the nonchalant man sipping on his glass.

“Didn’t I say not to touch me with your mouth? I was sure the instruction had been crystal clear, between the spankings and the crying.” He would have taken away his collar as punishment, perhaps abstaining from touching him for two weeks as well.

But he is in a good mood and Le Chiffre is nothing but generous while on a winning streak.

Will rubbed his cheek on Le Chiffre’s outer thigh, his Daddy’s fingers still in his hair. “I’m sorry, Daddy. Can’t help it. I always want you in my mouth,” he whimpered.

“Even when people are watching you?” Le Chiffre cooed, finally looking down at the boy that is nuzzling against him. His cock was already half-hard throughout the game, and it continues to harden when his boy is so irresistibly needy.

Will nodded and licked his lips slowly, continuing to stare up. “That’s my favorite. It feels naughty…being watched.”

“Then show them your hole. Show them the wedding gift I had given you.” Le Chiffre withdraw his hand, ordering another glass. “Show them how loose you are.”

Will took one look around the bar and immediately obeyed his Daddy’s soft command, bending over to lay his forehead on the floor and reach behind himself to play with the plug snug in his hole.

Twisting it back and forth gently, biting down on his bottom lip to ground himself he tugged the plug out and held it in one of his hands while his other explored the rim of his slightly gaped hole open to the room. He gripped at his cheeks and spread himself even wider, continuing to hold the heavy plug and whine at the feeling of being so exposed.

Even though Le Chiffre’s men and various staff tried not to lay their eyes on Will, their curiosity got the better of them as they stared at the gaping hole, so ready to be slid into and fucked.

Le Chiffre continued to enjoy his cocktail, pressing the sole of his foot gently on Will’s head. The pressure was just enough to remind him of his presence, his demand for Will’s submissiveness.

“The next round will begin soon, with some friends of my for a low-stake game. I will be betting you as my playing chip,” He finished his glass, eyeing the subservient form beneath him. “I want you to play with your asshole on the table.” Will would ravish in the attention given. If Le Chiffre lost however, which he never did, Will had to be given up to another daddy.

It is a risk he will take. After all, he can always take Will back by force if necessary. This boy is his, and even if given away, he will do whatever it takes to fetch him back. Even for a pretty price.

With the sole of Le Chiffre’s shoe still on his head pressing him into the cold floor of the bar he whimpered in reply. “Yes, Daddy.”

He knew Daddy would never allow him to be taken for real but the game sounded titillating and he was keen on showing Daddy's opponents how much of a slut he was, how greedy his pussy was, and how much he belonged to Daddy and whatever man owned him.

He was but a mere object to be traded, the de-humanization of it was all very arousing.

The gambler walked back toward the table, without so much as a glance at Will, expecting him to trail after him like a good boy.

The door opened and the chattering crowd of 10 well-dressed ladies and gentlemen crowded around the confined space and all of their eyes landed on Will.

They began their murmurs, knowing fully well that the thing that crawled on the floor belonged to Le Chiffre. For now.

He sat as his usual seat, beckoned his fellow players to sit around him. Five different men sat at the table now, all seeming pleasant and polite.

He raps on the table with his knuckles, a signal that demands Will to crawl onto the table.

Eyes on him from all angles caused Will's cheeks to burn fiercely as he crawled behind Daddy to the table.

He had slid his plug back in for the time being so his hands could be free to crawl faster, knowing if he took too long he would have been spanked over Daddy's lap in front of everyone.

As soon as Daddy knocked on the table he righted himself and crawled up, shivering slightly.

The green felt was warm on his skin but being on the table put him closer to the fan on the ceiling above and without any clothes to shield him from it's blades he was freezing.

His cock, not as big as Le Chiffre's but sizable and thick enough to fuck Daddy sometimes when he was feeling too lazy to do any work, was half hard and throbbed softly between his legs, looking slightly smaller than normal from the current temperature.

"On your back. Open your legs." Le Chiffre commanded, as he began pushing away his chips in favor of letting Will have his place on the table, to be wondered at as an unattainable prize.

"I'm betting Will Graham. Comes with a million dollar plug and a $120,000 jewel-encrusted collar." He spoke nonchalantly as the murmurs grew louder.

"*He's betting his most precious toy? How interesting."*

"Did he grew bored?"

"Can't wait to win him and use him as my fuck toy."

Le Chiffre ignored the wayward whispers, watching keenly as the dealer set out dealing cards to each eager hand.

He leans forward to whisper in Will's ear. "I could fold without looking."
Will was busy absentmindedly petting the flat part of the diamond on the end of his plug with the tip of his index finger when Daddy spoke to him.

"Daddy no," he whispered so only he could hear him. He knew he was messing with him, seeing if he could get a rise but he desperately needed Daddy to play smart.

Everyone was watching keenly. Curious to see what Will was doing, and what Le Chiffre was planning to do.

He smiled against Will's ear, purring. "No? You would love to be owned and used by any other daddy, wouldn't you?"

Tears didn't have time to gather up in Will's eyes before they were falling down his cheeks. He nuzzled against Le Chiffre's face, their foreheads touching on the side. "No. I don't want to be anyone else's," he whined. "Please don't lose me, Daddy." He turned to kiss Le Chiffre on the mouth in a soft peck. "Please," he cried.

Although Will knew this was all a game to toy with his sensitive side he couldn't help but get embarrassingly emotional.

Even if Daddy lost he would never allow another man to have him for good. Not even sexually unless Will stated otherwise. But just imagining being ripped from Le Chiffre hurt him, hypothetical or not.

Le Chiffre hummed in thought, leaning back into his chair and crossing his legs, feeling his cock twitching at the sight of Will so broken, so debauched, so coveted.

He looked at his hand. It isn't fantastic, but he could make do.

His eyes scanned the crowd, now that they know what is at stake

"Come on, suck on the plug while fingering your asshole."

Will obeyed, twisting his plug again gently back and forth while tugging before it slid out, his hole slightly open facing the men around the table. He had the urge to cross his legs so they would stop staring, their eyes on his private parts made him tingle and it was embarrassing but he knew Daddy would be angry if he did.

He brought the pristine plug to his mouth while his other hand dipped between his legs again to tease his own rim and dip three of his fingers in immediately without need of any kind of warming up.

His mouth teased the bulbous end of the plug before beginning to suck softly on the end that had just been in his pussy while his three fingers began pumping softly in and out of himself.

He whined softly, his eyes shut and Daddy's face in his mind.

Some of the men cursed, nearly dropping their hand at the sight. Le Chiffre grinned. Perfect ploy.

The dealer began his rounds, and Le Chiffre had been maintaining his calls. His other opponents as well.

This might prove to be a difficult match.

He double checks his hand. Two pairs, and only one matched the cards shown. He glanced at his boy, watching his hand moved between his legs to pump at his pussy.

“Faster.”

Will whined, his words slightly muffled from his lips still toying with his plug. “I’m scared I’ll come, Daddy,”

“Don’t,” was all he said, staring at his opponents, thinking about his next few moves. There are two cards left before everyone’s final move.

They all seemed antsy. Eager. Greedy. Their eyes are set on Will’s pussy.

Will’s cock was full and heavy now against his groin, he felt like he could come at any second. Being watched while being naughty made him very squirmy.

He knew he was putting on a show for them but Will was trying to pretend he and Le Chiffre were alone together and this was all one big simulation for he and Daddy’s pleasure.

Will nodded and began moving his fingers faster, the lube inside him began to leak out and make slippery sounds to match his soft panting. He used the plug to stifle his moans, pressing it against his lips and tongue. His feet flat on the felt, toes curling, digging into the soft material beneath him.

The sounds he was making were loud in the room, and the only one who was speaking was the dealer, as everyone else fell silent at the erotic show they had right in front of them.

The final round. Le Chiffre considered his options.

He raises, pushing forward a million dollars worth of chips.

“And his leash, made from rhino leather.”

Some of the men at the table swallowed, now nervous. A few folded, knowing they had no other way to match the already exorbitant amount that is Will’s ownership.

“What’s a million to you?” One man spoke, voice steady and sure. Perhaps Lithuanian in his accent.

“Me? Nothing.” Le Chiffre responded, a hand combing through Will’s hair. “A tip, to dress this thing up.”

Will was lost in his own little world playing with himself but upon hearing Daddy’s words he began to imagine all the pretty things someone could buy him to wear with a million dollars. All the little contraptions and toys and pretty panties with lace trim. He hoped Daddy would

be taking him on a shopping spree after this. He loved being dressed up like a doll, like he was owned and his only purpose was for pleasing another man. He nearly came at the thought.

From the way Will squirmed and whined, to the way his lashes fluttered and his hand pumped vigorously, he was about to come.

That won't do.

"If you come, I'll fold." Le Chiffre warned, rapping his knuckles against the table. Another call. Another fold.

All that is left is the other gentleman in front of him. Unperturbed by Will's siren calls.

Will bit his lip and slowed his fingers looking at the men around the room instead of at Le Chiffre. If he thought of his Daddy's handsome face he would come for sure.

The opposing man, his last adversary, looked upon Le Chiffre with a smile, and then upon Will's beautiful curls and body, so worked up and tense.

He folds, and leaves the room quietly.

Le Chiffre placed down his cards, smiling to himself.

"Come, my boy."

Will's milky muscular thighs quaked as he came untouched, fingers deep inside himself and his mouth and lips still toying with his plug. His tummy was painted with his own release as he rocked back and forth against his digits, whimpering all the while.

The dealer collected the cards and shred them, declaring Le Chiffre the winner of the table. Everyone applauded, but the gambler's focus was entirely on Will, who came so beautifully over his stomach.

His fingers slid through his boy's soft curls, grinning.

"I suppose this toy is still mine to play with." He leaned close to Will to whisper. "How do you feel, baby?" He spoke softly, gently coaxing him out of the headspace, checking to see whether his boy is okay after that display and exposure.

Will leaned his head against Daddy's shoulder, resting there still panting softly from his orgasm, his eyes closed with that ethereal floaty feeling tickling the base of his mind. Will moved ever closer to kiss his Daddy's lips and pet his face and hair blindly. "I'm okay," he sighed. "So happy I'm yours." He nuzzled his nose against Le Chiffre's. "Want to be alone now."

"I'll bring you up to the room, okay?" Le Chiffre rarely showed that much kindness in front of strangers, but he had after all put his most prized possession up for grabs. Will deserved this.

With ease he carried Will into his arms, and one of his men draped a silk throw over his naked form.

“I’ll take care of you. Anything you want tonight, I will give it to you, my princess.”
Will nuzzled against Le Chiffre’s chest, his eyes closed breathing in the smell of his Daddy’s cologne and clinging to him.

Le Chiffre was big and strong and protective and Will felt so small and frail in his arms.

He loved nothing more than when Daddy’s voice became sweet and he treated him like a porcelain doll he was afraid of breaking. It was such a stark contrast from the dominant and demanding attitude he typically prided himself on.

Le Chiffre’s men escorted them back to their presidential suite, where Le Chiffre gently laid Will down onto their king-sized bed, with multiple fluffy pillows to keep him safe and warm. He fetched a claw footed bowl with warm water littered with fresh flower petals, and started wiping him down.

“You were magnificent today, my sweet princess. Your performance…irresistible. I would have killed them all, just so no one can own you.”

Will pulled a pillow to his chest, wrapping his arms around it and squeezing, his eyes shut as his Daddy spoke to him and cleaned him, the fragrance from the rose petals was soothing and figuratively rocking him to sleep.

He was drifting fast but he wanted to stay present for Daddy.

The soft warm rag made contact with his forehead and his eyes flickered open looking up at Le Chiffre, his expression one of pure adoration.

“I know,” he sighed, squeezing his pillow a little bit tighter not taking his eyes off Daddy.

Le Chiffre was still hard, from the salacious display prior. He would love to slide into his boy, but it is Will’s time to indulge himself.

His mismatched eyes met Will’s bright blue ones, and he smiled.. “What do you wish to do now?”

Will wanted to sleep. The tiny invisible hands were pulling him into unconsciousness but he shook his head slightly to rid them, to no avail. He didn’t want to leave his Daddy unsatisfied. He knew Le Chiffre loved caring for him but he couldn’t allow himself to sleep without making sure his Daddy was taken care of.

“Are you hard, Daddy?”

Maybe he could make him come with his mouth, soft little kisses, nothing too strenuous.

“I am. Is my little princess going to help me?” He opened his thighs, allowing Will space, and to show him the bulge that was straining against the fabric.

“I would love to use your pussy, but you must be exhausted.”

Will continued laying down but scooted closer to his Daddy’s bulge now in reaching distance and began teasing the bulge over Le Chiffre’s slacks with his warm mouth lazily and breathing heavy almost falling asleep fully while doing so.

“So tired, Daddy,” he whined.

He wanted to feel Daddy inside him, stretching him, marking him, but he wasn’t sure he would able to stay awake.

“Do you want to sleep with my cock in your mouth?” He asked, caressing his cheek. His little princess was indeed exhausted, and he didn’t mind getting off himself.

Will nodded, his big doe eyes flickering up to meet his Daddy’s again, sleepy tears in his eyes.

“I’ll try to stay awake for you,” he whined, going back to lackadaisically teasing Daddy’s cock through the fabric.

“Good boy,” He spoke, a little breathless at how eager and obedient Will is, despite his sleepiness.

He pushed his head away briefly to pull out his half-hard cock, stroking the tip against Will’s soft lips.

Will dipped his tongue out and lapped at the head and pulled it into his mouth sucking softly, the flat of his tongue pressed against the thick vein on the underside of it. His eyes closed again and his head resting against the pillow. He moved his head back and forth minimally, tiny movements as he hummed around Daddy. The cock it was his job and duty to service.

Le Chiffre shifted so that they were on their sides, with Will snuggled against pillows for comfort. He looked dreamlike, almost ethereal in his beauty. His curls framing his well-sculptured face, eyes drooping, trying to hard to stay open, sleepy and adoring.

“Rest, baby boy. I’ll use your mouth.”

Will nodded silently, his breath slowing even further, floating off. Still conscious but only just, barely awake. He gave Daddy permission to do anything with his body, he loved him so much.

Le Chiffre thrusted into Will’s relaxed mouth, shallow at first, to feel the give and the hot wet warmth of his toy’s mouth.

Then with a sharp thrust he forced himself down his throat, not caring whether he was relaxed enough or his gag reflex reacting.

It felt too good to care.

Will didn't so much as tense up as Daddy slid all the way into his mouth, he was so used to taking cock by then, especially Le Chiffre's, that it was no problem. He was made to please his Daddy and damn good at it too.

Le Chiffre grunted softly, pressing deep into Will's willing throat. How obedient he is, subservient to the end.

He is so proud of his boy.

"When you wake, I'd like to fuck your pussy." He spoke between thrusts, smiling and becoming a little breathless.

Will nodded minutely, he wanted that too, clutching as hard as his sleepy fist could squeeze into the pillow beneath his head.

Le Chiffre panted softly, as his thrusts became a little bit more erratic, the pleasure curling in his stomach, waiting to burst.

"Open wide. I want to see my come on your tongue."

Will licked his lips and opened his mouth sticking out his tongue, his eyes remaining closed.

"Good boy," Another praise and he moaned, fisting his cock fast as he came, the sticky milky-white fluid landing on his lips, chin and tongue.

"Clean me up. Daddy tastes good, doesn't he?" He cooed, scratching softly on the nape of Will's neck. He reached for his inhaler on the bedside table taking a puff as he watched his boy dutifully clean him off.

Will closed his mouth savoring the taste of Daddy on his tongue before swiping his tongue out to pull bits from his cheek next to his mouth in to taste too. He could never get enough of it. He nodded slowly. "So yummy, Daddy," he breathed.

"I'd give you more if I could," He chuckled, patting Will's cheek and kissing his forehead. His darling little princess. He really should spend a few grand dolling him up for their next game. After all, a kept prize served no purpose other than to be pretty.

"Sleep. Tomorrow will be a busy day."

Will nodded and slipped off.

End Notes

As always, if you enjoyed please leave a comment!

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